

Highway Dept. Roadwork Guidelines

MONTEREY - Early in 1985, the Roads and Machinery Committee, the Selectmen and the Highway Superintendent formulated a set of guidelines for work done by the town crew and subcontractors on town roads. Currently under review, these guidelines still provide an opportunity for interested residents of Monterey to be involved in decisions affecting their roads. The Department's current policy is as follows:

"It shall be the policy of the Highway Department, Selectmen. Road and Machinery Committee to notify abutters of any proposed substantial roadwork, other than emergency roadwork, to be performed on Town roads.

Substantial is defined as:

A. The widening of existing roadbeds and cutting of banks, new ditches, backslopes and water courses.

B. The installing of any culverts or drains that change the existing flow of water.

Policy addition:

A. All roadwork that disturbs the ground shall be repaired (seeded and mulched.)

B. All scarred trees shall be trimmed and painted.

C. All trees needing to be cut or trimmed shall be referred to the Tree Warden.

A tree is defined as any wooded plant 5 inches DBH or larger. (DBH means Diameter Breast Height.)

D. All stone walls shall be treated with the utmost care and repaired when damaged by the Highway Dept.

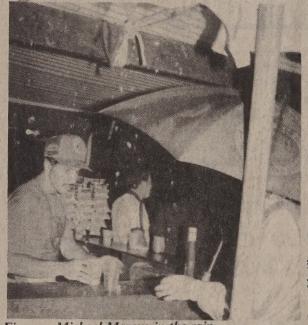
NOTIFICATION PROCEDURE

A. The Selectmen, Highway Superintendent and Road and Machinery Committee will review any substantial work. The Highway Superintendent, under the direction of the Selectmen, will notify the abutters of the onsite meetings.

B. Verbal notice wherever and whenever possible shall suffice, providing the Highway Superintendent logs all communications or attempted communications of abutters.

C. The Roads and Machinery Committee, Selectmen and Highway Superintendent meet the second Monday of the month at 6:30 p.m. at the Highway Garage. They discuss the following month's substantial work to be done. The public is invited for input.

D. The intent is to keep all lines of communication open in both directions."



Fireman Michael Marcus in the rain

Fire Company's Steak Roast

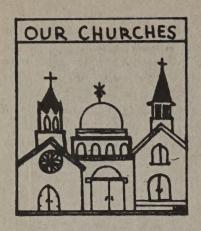
MONTEREY — The Monterey Fire Company's steak roast took place as scheduled on July 26, and as with the Arts Festival, the heavens opened wide and downpoured so reliably it almost seemed on schedule too.

The result was what sometimes happens in adversity, a heightened good time, the feeling that we were all in it together, and a splendid performance by all who were responsible for the success of the party.

The steaks were delicious, cheerfully cooked to any specifications. The potatoes, corn and salad couldn't have been better and the cake topped it all off with style. Beer, wine and soda came with the meal.

Close to 800 tickets were sold and everybody who bought one seemed to be there. The scene under the big tent was one of great gaiety. People of all ages, dressed in bright rain-gear of every description hailed old friends and made new ones. A leak appeared here and there and was greeted with laughter. Small floods rolled across the floor and were treated with aplomb. Through it all the Fire Company served us as though they had trained under Bash Bish Falls, and their good spirits reinforced those of their guests.

In the evening, the young in heart trekked up to the Fire Station and danced off the meal to the rousing music of "The Shy Americans." Everything, even the rain, combined to make this a stellar event.



NONTEREY UNITED CHURCH, CHROS

NEW SCHEDULE:

9:30 CIRCLE OF MEDITATION
MUSIC AND SHARING

10:30 WORSHIP SERVICE

WELCOME

Catholic Services

Our Lady of the Hills Chapel will have Mass at 7 p.m. on Saturday evenings, through September.

Martha Page

One of Monterey's long-time summer residents, Martha Page, died on August 10 at the Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis. She had been struggling all summer with emphysema, and the family had just taken her to the Cape in hopes that the change in atmosphere would be beneficial. She was active in Elephant Rock community affairs and in the Monterey Church, where she was one of the contributors to the new pulpit and cross. Her parents, Rachel Lutz and Dr. Harley Lutz, built the white house on Hupi Road where the family has celebrated Monterey summers ever since. Martha is survived by her son, Kempton Page, her daughter, Kathleen Wasiuk, and her granddaughter, Virginia Wasiuk.

The sun falls into the stones as two men are pacing the property

five, six, seven

counting slowly, absorbed in ceremonial stride, a longer more solemn length, man's ancient measure thirteen, fourteen, fifteen

though nature's is older

the breath shows in October's air
as the two men are pacing the property
twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one
gold, scarlet, mottled green-yellow
leaves on the lawn, browncrisp
in the woods, the last year's falling
fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four

there are pentacles in pine and a moon in a nest—militia ghosts march in homespun here their breaths counted for ours to come seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight

the two men turn the corner
where years have smoothed a curve of grass
men have measured everywhile
bounding the place for a home to spill over
ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three
the trees cannot move, they are listening for night
the old house stands by its pain
aching for change
a hundred-and-two, a hundred-three

I watch the two men pacing the property
they are cold in the dusk, their shoes
crunching the count
my husband and the neighbour-to-love
a hundred-and-twenty-two
as if measuring gave order and safety
like that stone wall's sturdy line snaking through
the woods under hushed and random gold
a hundred-and-thirty
a meting blunted by time

the two men end pacing the property an invisible caution is completed

the sun sets, sleeps in the stones now a measureless mystery undefined

love and death
gone and come again to love
somewhere up Beartown Mountain's road
a hundred-and-thirty-one!
a lot and a deed done.

Few of us ever bother to see how closely related are pain and joy. When we experience joy, we fail to recognize that much of this inner celebration has come into being precisely because of an earlier passage through pain. The relationship between these seemingly opposite states frequently eludes us, and we continue to imagine that they are in no way connected to each other.

I am not saying that pain automatically leads us later into joy. Not at all. There is a considerable amount of human pain that remains just that - pain - and it leads to nowhere except possibly even more pain. When joy comes because there has been pain, then an inner translation has taken place, a spiritual alchemy, that advances us down the road to a new awareness of who we are.

Consider, for instance, the person who goes through the awesome pain of having finally to admit, "I am an alcoholic." It often takes an enormous amount of disordering in one's life before the painful confession is wrung out of the heart. Go to almost any Alcoholics Anonymous meeting and evidences of how closely related are pain and joy will leap out at one from all sides. When finally the terrible pain of accepting oneself as an alcoholic has gone through the alchemy of the human spirit and this awareness is translated into a new way of handling life, one can see clearly the pathway leading from pain to joy. Is the alcoholic a separate breed of person? Not at all. The basic dynamic is common to our humanity. The pain of the alcoholic is not that different from the pain of a person who is going through a broken relationship, or of the one who faces the pain of a business in ruins. Each is called upon to face life bearing a pain that rends the heart, but also reexamining many of the assumptions by which one has lived.

At first, pain appears only as a destroyer. A hope is crushed, a dream is blighted, a promise is broken. And that is that! But is that all? No. Out of pain, awareness is born, consciousness is achieved or extended. Out of pain and suffering we come into being. True, there is nothing automatic about it. Life does not assure me that just because I have suffered I will now be awarded with joy. If somehow I do not learn to see and if I do not learn by steps, however small, to re-position myself toward life, my suffering may leave me wasted and less equipped for life than I was before.

The truth of it is, most of us will not learn, and we will not change without the prod of pain. What wholly satisfied person will change anything in life? Years ago I heard often the phrase "divine discontent." Discontent can very well be a gift of God. Now, I do not subscribe to the idea that God goes around inflicting pain on people just so they can grow. We and the others around us are quite expert in producing pain. Our failure to see, to know, to do is quite sufficient to produce all the "growing pains" we will ever need.

We know pain most clearly out of our individual experience. But pain is more than personal. It is corporate as well. The pain in the mid-west farm country where I grew up is very powerful just now. One farm family after another is going under financially. The pain and suffering on a cor- 3 porate level is enormous. There is more wrong than a few individuals who blundered. A whole system is out of fix. When may we expect joy to come out of this pain? Can we really expect it before we see more deeply into what is ailing the whole system and move to correct it?

The United States has enough nuclear arms to destroy all life on the earth ten times over. Yet we are frantically needing to get still more! Why? So we can protect ourselves! Whether we like it or not, you and I are part of a system that has all the marks of insanity about it. Do you feel pain over that? If not, why not? Or how much further will we need to go on this course until you will feel pain? What will it take before we begin to realize joy from this pain? My belief is that in every step you or I take to overcome this insanity, there will be some joy. But how much greater the joy when we as a society come to our right mind and find new ways to rejoice with all our fellow pilgrims on planet Earth.

Day after day as I encounter joy in people, I find a subtle but very definite link with earlier experiences of pain, suffering and sadness. So should I automatically remind those in places of pain to rejoice since they have an important ingredient in the search for joy? If I did, they would think I was off my rocker. No, pain and suffering are very real and it is usually only after the passage of time and some inner movement that we can begin to consider, where did this joy come from? Then again, I may see that my joy is linked to pain. Well, not to worry. If joy came, then most surely some seeing was done, some action was taken, some truing up has occurred in the way my feet are going.

- Virgil V. Brallier



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EXPERIENCED AND INSURED

Congratulations to Karen Hayes who was named to the dean's list at Bridgewater State College for the spring semester. Karen, a 1984 graduate of Mount Everett, has just completed her sophomore year with a major in industrial psychology. She is daughter of Arnold and Judith Hayes of Tyringham Road.

Hearty congratulations also to Dave Quisenberry, a lifetime summer resident of Lake Garfield, who in May received a Master's of Fine Arts degree in architecture from the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana. He is now a structural architect for the firm of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill in New York City. Dave enjoys water skiing and snow skiing and loves to get to Monterey.

Also, Keith Quisenberry has a new job as a corporate pilot for W.R. Grace. Keith flies a Gulfstream II. He also enjoys much of his leisure time at the family home on Bidwell Road.

An interesting reunion took place this month. Myrna Heller, who summers in Monterey, and five other girls who met at Camp Owaissa in the 1950s met again on the old campgrounds. Owaissa was the girls' camp of the Jason Camps. The six had spent many wonderful summers together, and the camaraderie they shared as youngsters in Monterey carries fond memories. Some 30 years later, they put careers and families aside and spent two very special days remembering ice cream from Tryons' Parlor, penny candy from the General Store, leaders Aunt Betty and Chief Jason and the like. They all had a ball being the merry campers again, and all decided, 'you can go home again'. Sounds special!

Michelle Grotz has just returned from a five-week stay in France. Michelle spent her time in Ascain, a small coastal village in southern France near the Spanish border, and in Paris. The weary traveller had a wonderful time, but is most happy to be back in Monterey. Glad you're back Mich! She is the daughter of Stef Grotz and myself, Main Road.

Gaby Sherb spent two weeks at Camp Hazen, a sports camp, in Chester, Ct. She's anxious to perfect her newly learned tennis game and feels in good shape for the upcoming soccer season!

Jennie Brown, daughter of Maryellen Brown of Hupi Road recently enjoyed two weeks in Fort Lauderdale visiting her grandmother, Mary Anglin.

Patrick McBride of Fairview Road recently enjoyed a five-week summer program biking in Canada. The group really got around, biking some 25 to 50 miles a day! I'm impressed Pat!

Leroy, Linda and Tish Thorpe spent one wonderful week at Old Orchard Beach in Maine.

Several of Monterey's Quakers, Jane and Gordon Bowles, Bob Carter, Susan and David McAllester, Shirley and Storrs Olds and Jennifer Swann, attended the New England Friends Yearly Meeting Aug. 15-21, at Hampshire College in Amherst. There were conferences, speakers, workshops and meetings for worship. One of the many entertainments was a contradance to the music of Monterey's Mountain Laurel band.

Bob and Barbara Gauthier enjoyed a few days at their cottage in York, Maine.

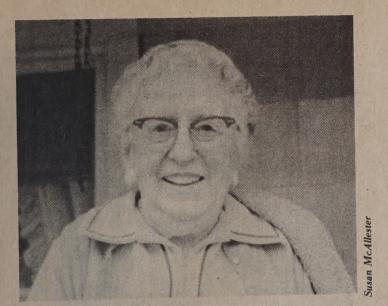
Don and Ellen Coburn, part-time residents of Beartown Road, spent two weeks in England where Don attended a judges' conference at Oxford University. Don reports the lectures were fascinating and there was plenty of time for sightseeing and a jaunt to Scotland.

Happy birthday wishes to Lucy Rosenthal, Aug. 1; David McAllester, Aug. 6; Michelle Grotz, Aug. 20; and Danny Rosengart, Aug. 23. Also happy anniversary wishes to Mike and Sharon Feltser. Don't forget to submit your news tidbits to me by the 15th of the month. Please contact me at home, 528-4519, or jot them down and mail to me, Rt. 23, or you can drop them at the General Store. Thanks.

- Stephanie Grotz







Nina Tryon

Only a few weeks after celebrating her 95th birthday at a gala party in the Monterey Church, Nina Tryon suffered a stroke and a few days later was taken to Fairview Hospital for intensive care. She struggled gallantly and at length but finally succumbed August 27. She is survived by her brother, Wallace Tryon, and the many other Tryon relatives who carry on so much of the agricultural and business life of Monterey. Nina's memories of nine decades of the life of our community were sharp and detailed. She could take her listeners back to the early days of the development of Monterey as a summer resort with a special wit and good humor, and in the same vein follow the progress of our town down to the present. Her own activities in the church and the community were many and varied. In any crisis Nina was there to help. For years she was ready with her car for emergency trips to bus, railroad, or hospital. Her interest and her willingness to pitch in made her a vital part of Monterey.

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Tryon's Tearoom

MONTEREY — Tryon's Tearoom was a place for the young people from town to come and meet other young boys and girls. The little house in which Bert Tryon started selling commodities was only a two-room building. When he bought the old Underwood house, this building was occupied by a man named Tony Maloney who lived here in two rooms and worked out by the day.

Bert started selling tobacco, candy and cigars about 1890. The ice cream business originated by freezing home-made ice cream in a six quart freezer and keeping it packed in ice at the hatchway at the west side of the house.

At this time, a group of fresh air boys was sent up to Fargo Grove from New York by *The New York Times* for a vacation. Finding that Tryon had ice cream for sale at the village, the boys would walk to the Tryons' and come to the hatchway, and for a nickel, would put on a dish, a scoop of ice cream with a spoon and then they would walk to the front of the church, sit on the steps, and eat the cream. This is where the ice cream "Home Made" started.

This was carried on for a year or two and then Bert increased the amount of freezing by using a gasoline engine and 40-quart freezers. He made his own ice cream for many years, taking all the cream the Philando Harmon cows could make. At last came Pittsfield Milk Exchange with ice cream delivered here in Monterey cheaper than he could make his own, but it wasn't so good as Bert's!

In 1929, a new building was built over the old one and the old one was torn down.

At this time, the town was running wild. There were three camps for children at the lake, with no restrictions when parents could come to visit. Brookbend was filled and bulging at the seams. Berkshire Summer School of Art was full, with about one hundred and sixty students at the camp and the overflow stayed at boarding houses in the village. Father Hugh's camp was filled as was Hephzibah Heights and New England Keswick. Della Tryon managed the tearoom, having a cook and two helpers in the kitchen, three waiters for serving meals and a girl at the fountain.

- From History of Monterey by Albert Wallace Tryon

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Rev. Megapolensis' Notes of 1644 (Part IV)

They have a droll theory of the Creation, for they think that a pregnant woman fell down from heaven, and that a tortoise (of which there are plenty here, in this country, of two, three and four feet long...very mischievous and addicted to biting) took this pregnant woman on its back because every place was covered with water; and that the woman sitting upon the tortoise grabbled with her hands in the water, and scratched up some of the earth; whence it finally happened that the earth became elevated above the water. They think that there are more worlds than one, and that we came from another world.

The government among them consists of the oldest, the most sensible, the best-speaking and most war-like men. These commonly resolve, and then the young and warlike Men execute. But if the common people do not approve of the resolution, it is left entirely to the determination of the mob. The chiefs are generally the poorest among them, for instead of their receiving from the common people as among Christians, they are obliged to give to the mob; especially when any one is killed in war, they give great presents to the next of kin of the deceased; and if they take any prisoners, they present them to that family of which one has been killed, and the prisoner is then adopted by the family into the place of the deceased person. There is no punishment here for murder and other villainies, but every one is his own avenger. The friends of the deceased revenge themselves upon the murderer until peace is made by presents to the next of kin.

But although they are so cruel, and live without laws or any punishments for evil doers, yet there are not half so many villainies or murders committed amongst them as amongst Christians; so that I oftentimes think with astonishment upon all the murders committed in the fatherland, notwithstanding their severe laws and heavy penalties. These Indians, though they live without laws, or fear of punishment, do not - at least, they very seldom - kill people, unless it may be in a great passion, or a hand-to-hand fight. Wherefore we go wholly unconcerned along with the Indians and meet each other an hour's walk off in the woods, without doing any harm to one another.

- David McAllester

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Con Lake Garfield Lakeside Terrace





Maggie and Eileen Clawson serve the damp and hungry at the Fire Company Steak Roast

Letters To The Editor

To the Editor:

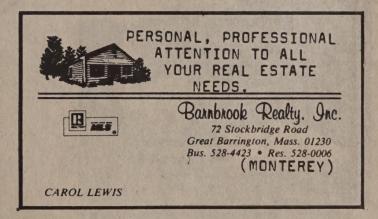
I want to thank the anonymous letter writer for his or her contribution "to my cause."

He or she wishes me luck, but has little hope for Monterey's future. I urge this saddened person to join the Monterey Preservation Land Trust (if he/she has not already). We are trying and fighting the good fight.

Again, Anonymous, thank you. Your contribution has gone to our "Land Preservation Fund" where it is sorely needed.

> Gratefully Joyce Scheffey





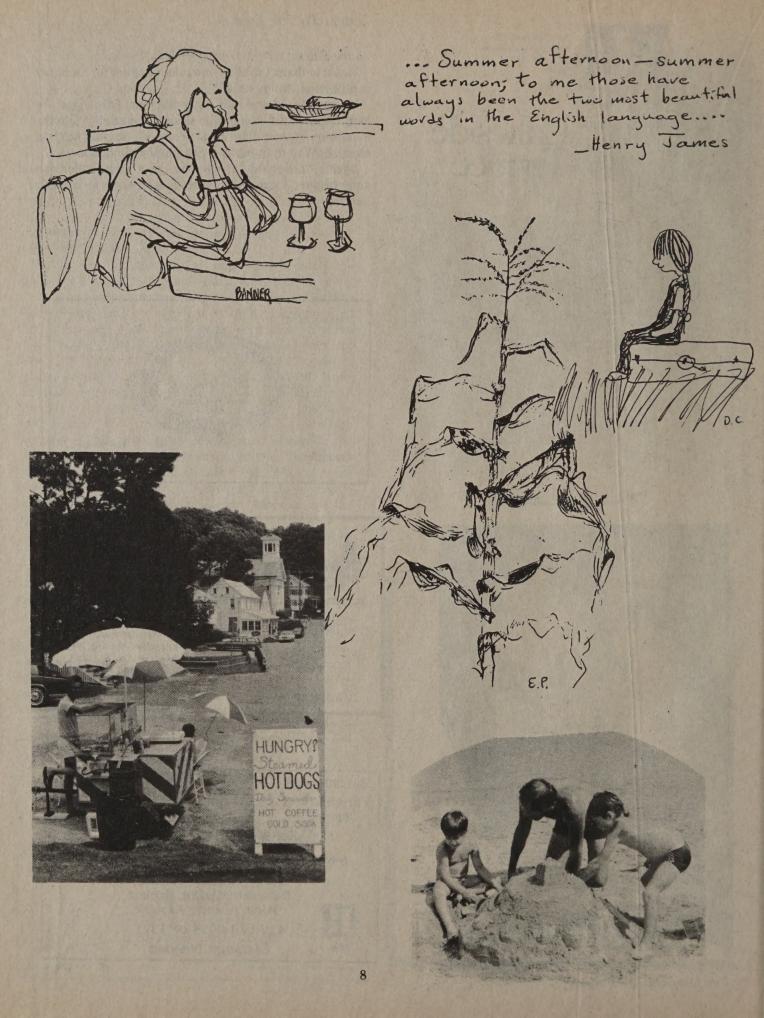
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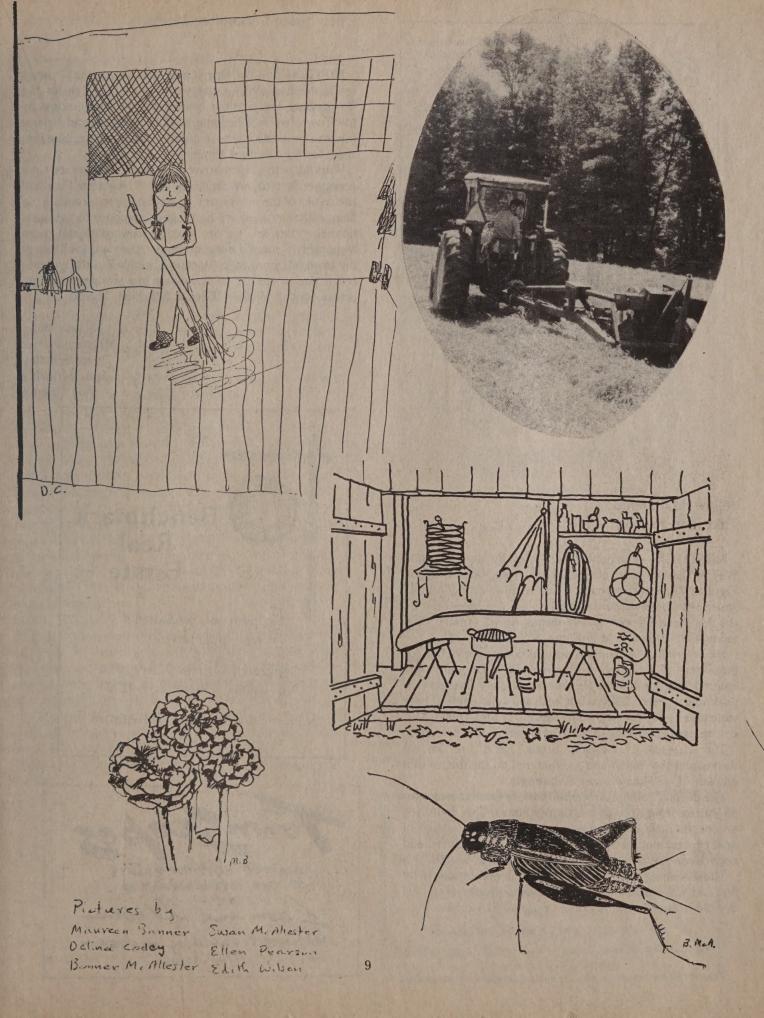
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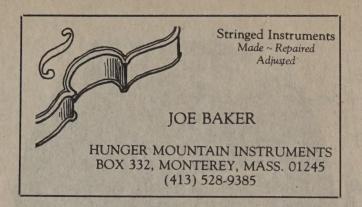
New Marlboro Stage, Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

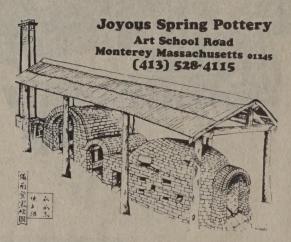


Nancy Dinan, Broker Deborah Mielke, Broker Rick Mielke, Assoc. 413-528-0014 or 1871 Listings Needed









Sellew And Dunlop Take Top Honors

MONTEREY — Top honors were taken by Sue Sellew and Wayne Dunlop, local cheesemakers from Rawson Brook Farm on New Marlborough Road, at the Second Annual American Cheese Contest. The Contest was sponsored by the American Cheese Society during its 4th Annual Convention which was held in Rome, N.Y. on June 15.

Ms. Sellew and Mr. Dunlop won a second place ribbon for their entry of a Chevre In Thyme & Olive Oil which was entered into the Spiced Or Smoked Variety Category of goat milk cheeses. Chevre is a fresh soft spreadable cheese which is excellent served with crackers or bread and which can be used in cooking in place of cream cheese or ricotta.

The cheeses of Rawson Brook Farm are known throughout the region and are featured on the menus of a number of well-known area restaurants.

The Second Annual American Cheese Contest had over 68 entries from around the United States. This contest is one of the most notable in the country for the judging of goat cheeses and specialty cheeses. Next year's contest and convention are scheduled for June of 1987 in Boston.

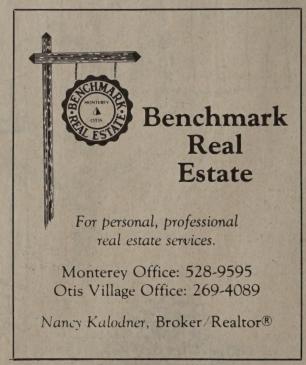
Those wishing more information on cheeses produced by Sue and Wayne should write to: Rawson Brook Farm, P.O. Box 345, Monterey, MA 01245 or phone 528-2138.

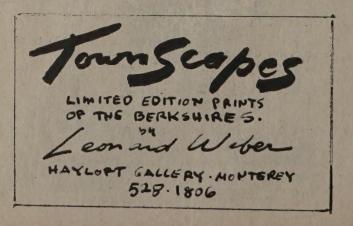
Open Space Committee Meets

MONTEREY — The Open Space and Recreation Committee is meeting every other week to draft a plan for the Town. Once the plan has been reviewed and accepted by the Town, we will become eligible for state and federal funds to be used for land acquisition. This is an exciting prospect for the future of Monterey.

Working with Diane Larrivee, an intern with the soil Conservation Service, we are using the 1974 Master Plan and the results of the open space questionnaire to formulate the plan. Although we have had a good response to the questionnaire thus far, we are looking forward to still more responses. If you did not receive one, they are available at the town offices or by contacting a member of the committee. If you would like to participate in a working meeting, please contact Michele Miller at 528-3454. Thanks.

Michele Miller Maynard Forbes Joyce Scheffey Jean Germaine Bob Thieriot





Swimming classes for elementary levels have ended with great success. Our teacher was a wonderful find: Marie Mouthrop did a super job. The great improvement of each student was outstanding. Those who didn't take advantage of the opportunity were the real losers.

Following are those who passed their courses:

Advanced swimmers: Liza Fleming-Ives, Ryan Foster Amidon.

Swimmers: Clayton Amidon, Meghan Sadlowski, Erin Sadlowski.

Intermediate: Michael Ohman, Lauren Goldin, Jason Tanner. Jennifer Fleming-Ives.

Advanced beginner: Benjamin Phillip Amidon, Amanda Goldin, Katie Fleming-Ives, David Rankin-Heald, Kevin Ohman, Wyatt Amidon.

Beginner: Jared Thompson, Justin Thompson, Michael Rankin-Heald, John Mulroy, Benjamin Scutellero, Jeremy Curtiss, Chelsea Tillett, Anna Melinda Duhon, Sarah Tanner, Bethany Sadlowski, Eoin Higgins, Luke Moulton, Gabe Small.

Several swimmers unable to attend classes the second week were not able to receive certificates.

The three- and four-year-olds are presently attending their courses — taught again by a favorite — Cheri Briggs. A dozen or so youngsters are splashing up a storm in varying degrees of proficiency while proud parents watch, with towels ready, for their potential Olympic swimmer.

Many people have remarked about the beauty, serenity and pleasure of our open swimming area, as well as the enjoyment of the raft. It has been a great beach summer. The beach will be officially closed Sept. 2. Thanks to life guards and parking attendant, everything ran very smoothly. Thank you Jeff and Bob Gauthier, Don Whitbeck, Doug Brown and Cheri Briggs. Mike O'Connor substituted as parking attendant also.

SORRY TO HAVE TO ADD:

The last two weeks have found household garbage in our trash can at the beach. We CANNOT accommodate household garbage. It is a very bad health hazard as it attracts insects as well as animals. PLEASE use the Monterey dump. It only takes one large bag to fill our trash can.

We did have 58 geese here this summer — but they have either left or chosen another habitat than the beach this year. It is a welcome respite for '86 anyway.

Happy fall everyone — there is lots of swimming and boating yet.

- Steve, Fran and Deb

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Doug Brown, Assistant Lifeguard

Race-Walker's Smile

Race-walkers dare the oncoming cars to notice smooth-carriage, speed and Distance quickly passed -Ten to twelve minute mile Nothing to brag about, and yet -How graceful will the gliding pace Eat up the miles While pumping the heart with fresh-aired blood How gentle the road's contact compared to runner's jarring! Could there be a bit of pride In the race-walker's smile?

— Leigh

Barrington Ballet

Registration For Fall Classes September 2 - 5 and September 8 - 12 2-6 p.m.

> Saturdays, September 6 & 13 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.

Classes Begin September 15

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MONTEREY, MA. 01245

Summer Jewel, The Humbird

Sometines I sit at my desk on a glorious summer day writing about various patural wonders and feeling kind of silly to be indoors writing about such things when I might be outside experiencing them more directly. At such times it almost becomes necessary for the to board up my window in order to keep mind and pen at all synchronized; my gaze breaks away to the white pines, the hillside, and the sky, and I remember those intoletible last days of school in June. All our minds, including the teacher's, were out the window.

One of those days, a couple of years ago, I was working on a column for *The Eagle*, with my pen on the paper and my mind out the window, when a soft thud on the glass made me give up the written word and rush outside to see what part of the natural world was trying to get in. I thought a bird must have flown against the glass, but at first I couldn't find the body.

Then I saw a bright green jewel lying in the dead leaves of one of our cellar window wells. It was a female ruby-throated hummingbird, and she shimmered in my hand, stunned, with her tiny bright eye on me as she waited for life to return to her.

I am 37 years'old, but still when I find something beautiful the first thing I do, often, is go show it to my parents. I walked through the woods to their house with this treasure in my hands thinking that any minute she would flutter and struggle to be gone. Instead, her bright eye closed, her bill gaped open, and I began to worry about internal injuries. Then I realized my hands were wet with perspiration where the bird lay; she was overheated, her tiny body giving off too much heat for such a small space. We put her in a shoe box and admired her as she cooled off a little and struggled to her feet.

About an hour later she was fluttering in the box, so I put her on a post on our deck and watched her rev her propellers. Finally she set her small wings whirring very fast, in a blur, and lifted off like a little green helicopter, only to come down a few feet away on our bird feeder. There she took a long rest before finally departing for good.

That is the only time I've touched this tiniest of birds, but I'm told they are fearless and easy to lure to one's hand using sugar water and red coloring of some sort. Although they are so small, only about three inches long and weighing 1/8 ounce, hummingbirds have few enemies. They are the most dextrous fliers of all birds and can move as quick as a flash in any direction: straight up or down, flat out, sideways, backwards. They are also able to hover, beating their short pointed wings back and forth parallel to the ground at about 75 wingbeats per second.

Nectar is important food for hummingbirds, but they also eat small insects, and some come north in the spring in time for maple sap before any flowers are blooming. They and many other small birds rely upon sapsuckers to make holes in the sugar maples to create a kind of public watering trough. Then the pugnacious hummingbirds may actually drive other birds (and insects) away from a sap-hole. I have read also that hummingbirds will drive bees away from flowers, defending a feeding territory.

Like their tiny mammalian counterparts, the pygmy shrews, hummingbirds have a high metabolic rate and heartbeat. Also like the shrews, hummingbirds must eat a lot and often



'For colour she is as glorious as the Raine-bow'

(over two times their body weight in nectar a day) in order to stay alive. At night, particularly in cool weather, it is impossible for hummingbirds to keep up their temperature and high metabolic rate on the tiny amount of food they can store, so they actually enter a kind of hibernation and let their bodily processes slow down and their temperatures drop to that of the air around them. Long periods of cold rainy weather are often fatal to these tiny powerhouses.

Hummingbirds are found only in the New World. Of the 320 species in the order, 17 occur in the United States and only one species ever visits the Northeast. This is the ruby-throated hummingbird, named for the bright iridescent throat of the male, which is said to change color as the feathers rise and fall, alternating the angle of light through clear, prism-like structures on the feathers. Both the male and the female are dark green above and pale below with dark bills, legs and feet.

In the spring the males arrive here first from their southern wintering grounds. Some migrate twice a year over 575 miles of open water between Louisiana and Mexico, a trip which costs them nearly all their body weight and which amazes ornithologists, some of whom still think hummingbirds must somehow hitchhike a ride with larger birds.

The females travel the same route, arriving a month after the males. Then the famous aerial courtship displays begin, consisting usually of fancy U-shaped or parabolic lights punctuated by buzzing air through the tail feathers of the male. The nest, built by the female, is a perfect cup an inchacross held together by spider and caterpillar silk and sheathed with lichens. Two eggs the size of peas are laid and then incubated by the female until they hatch about two weeks later.

We grow scarlet runner beans partly for the beans, partly for the pretty flowers, and mainly for the hummingbirds which grace our garden from now until fall like airborne emeralds.

Any red or orange flowers will attract them or even redcolored sugar water or artificial flowers. I read an account by an ornithologist of the 1890s who had a hummingbird hover for 20 seconds just in front of his red, sunburned nose, and another account tells of a hummingbird repeatedly jabbing its bill into the red plumage of a male purple finch.

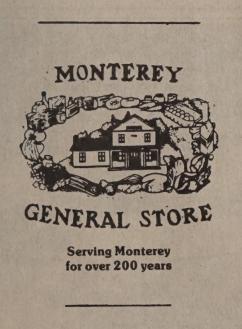
William Wood wrote in 1634, upon first seeing a hummingbird: "The Humbird is one of the wonders of the Countrey, being no bigger than a Hornet, yet hath all the demensions of a Bird, as bill, and wings, with quills, spider-like legges, small clawes: For colour she is as glorious as the Raine-bow; as she flies she makes a little humming noise like a Humble-bee: Wherefore shee is called the Humbird."

- Bonner McAllester

History Of Regional School Being Prepared

A written and oral history of the movement to establish the regional school in southern Berkshire County (what is known as Mount Everett Regional High School) is being prepared by Bernard Kleban and Ellen Pearson. Anyone having related materials such as newspaper clippings, photos, records of meetings, flyers and leaflets or other memorabilia of the period from 1949 to 1955 is asked to please contact Mr. Kleban at Box 141, Monterey, Mass. 02145, or to call him at 212-549-5171 or 413-528-4187.

Kleban was one of the two official Monterey representatives to the regional school planning board. The board did the groundwork that resulted in the establishment of what is now the Mount Everett Regional School in Sheffield. It is not only the first regional school established in Massachusetts, but the first to include grades 1 through 12.

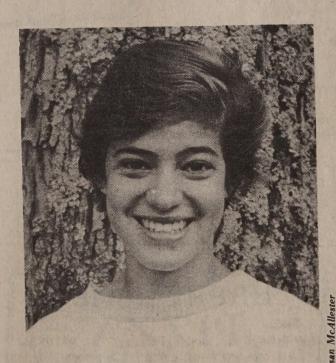


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A Lonely Day

This house of ours seems changed today; A lonely stillness fills each room. I hear no laughter light and gay To drive away the gloom. The day seems long, the hours drag by, No peace is mine, now I'm alone; I watch the clock with longing eye And wait his coming home. Our Bobby went to school today, His baby days have too soon flown And now I miss him at his play And feel so all alone. The little dog, his faithful pal, Has followed at my heels all day. In his big brown eyes a worried look Replaces one of play. He comes to me for comfort As he shows his grave concern, But Bobby's only gone to school And soon he will return.

- Eleanor Kimberly



Shelby Loder, new Youth News Editor

New Youth News Editor

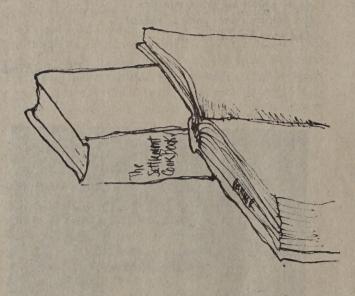
Shelby Loder, who lives at Gould Farm, is going into the tenth grade at Mt. Everett High School, where she is on the cross-country team. She will be carrying on our tradition of seeing that the young people are represented in *The Monterey News*. She will be very glad to hear from anyone with stories, or other writing, art work, and news of sports and other activities from the younger generation of Montereyans.

Monterey Grange Number 291 met Aug. 20 for an Agricultural program in charge of Sister Ethel Warner and Committee. Sister Eleanor Kimberly showed beautiful nature slides and there was a safety reading and poems. Great Barrington Grange Number 261 were guests and conducted the meeting. The recent food sale and white elephant table were a huge success and the Grange wants to thank everyone who helped.

The next meeting will be Sept. 3, when Richard West and Suite will install the officers and present the Community Citizen's award to Mary Ward. The meeting will be open to the public; non-members are welcome.

The Grange is invited to Plainfield Grange Sept. 5.

- Mary Wallace, Secretary







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Bob Gauthier, Weekend Parking Attendant at the town beach

The Night Skies

Venus and Spica will be close together in the west and the new moon will join them on the evenings of Sept. 5th and 6th. As it approaches fullness, the moon will pass close to Mars on the 12th and the 13th, and it passes Jupiter on the 16th and 17th, the latter date being "Harvest Moon." For the next three days the moon rises before the end of evening twilight. Its light helps the late-working farmer get in the harvest, hence, the name.

The moon-goddess, Selene, gave her lover, Endymion, eternal youth and immortality. In later Greek mythology, she was identified with Artemis, goddess of vegetation, fruitfulness, and childbirth. She was the daughter of Zeus and the twin sister of Apollo, the sun god. Together they represented the female and male sides of all creation. It is easy to see how the associations with vegetation and fruitfulness, as well as prolonged light, give us our idea of a Harvest Moon.

Omission

Inadvertently omitted in the early summer from the list of graduates of the Berkshire Country Day School was the name of Jacob Donavan Lanoue. He is entering the Mt. Everett Regional School this fall.

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Contra and Square Dance Schedule For September

Saturday, September 13, SECOND ANNUAL HARVEST MOON SQUARE AND CONTRADANCE PARTY at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8 - 12 p.m. Joe Baker and Mountain Laurel with guest caller Michael McKernan of Putney, Vt. Everyone is welcome. Special entertainment and singing at halftime and homemade harvest refreshments included in price of admission ("apple snow," pumpkin desserts, coffee, tea, cider). Adults \$5, children \$2.50. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

Saturday, September 27, SQUARE AND CONTRADANCE, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30 - 11:30 p.m. This program is for people who have done it before. Joe Baker, calling, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Admission: \$3.50 Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

Notice

The Community Potluck Dinner will take place Wednesday evening, September 24, in the Church basement.

Historical Society Meeting

On Friday evening, September 19, the Monterey Historical Society will hold its fall meeting at the Museum.

Monterey's own photographer, Eleanor Kimberley, will present a slide program of flowers, animals, and places of interest in our town.

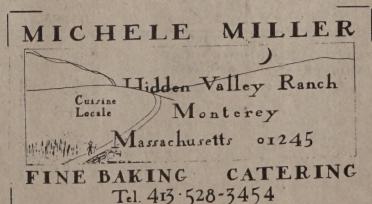
Do come - bring a friend; everyone is welcome!

Additional Contributions to Fund Drive (as of Aug. 16, 1986)

Barbara J. York "Whenever I read *The Monterey News*, I feel as though I'm right back in town!"

Yvonne Wocel "My name didn't appear and I always contribute!"

Jean Harris Woodman



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AD RATES

One-inch classified ads (1" x 3 5/8")...\$2.50

Two-inch business cards (2" x 3 5/8")...5.00

Three-inch size (3" x 3 5/8")...7.50

Four-inch size (4" x 3 5/8")...10.00

Back cover ads are double the above prices. No classifieds on the back cover. Copy should reach the editor by the 20th of the month before publication.



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